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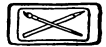
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STUDY NO. 8



STUDY IN EXPRESSION
By Walter Tiemann



AMERICAN PORTRAITURE AT THE FAIR

The American exhibit of art in the Palace of Fine Arts at the World's Fair was an inexhaustible source of satisfaction from the fact that its many attractive parts met the demands of the varied fancies of the public. For-

eigners may say that we have no national art; that we have no art traditions; that our idea of culture is the accumulation of the auction-room treasures; that our streets are long stretches of chaotic vulgarities; that we have no epoch-stamping gargoyles, no exquisite native finals, no created façades, no national costumed caryatids to inspire reverence for past times or to fire our worship of individual genius, no quaint glyptic signs hung over the doorways of our shops, no attractive fountains marking our street interceptions; and that our money is a disgrace to civilization. Yet the American art exhibit spoke for itself, and

gave great and most satisfying promise for the future art of America.

The exhibit was full of originality. Here and there, in the strong paintings one would find traces of the school in which the artist studied, but in the main—it was American art—in its originality. It may be at present that America is too young and its cities too pros-



THE 'CELLO PLAYER

By Thomas Eakins

Shown at St. Louis World's Fair

perous to aspire to become an art center. However, let an American artist return covered with honors earned elsewhere, and he will find his native place the best reward of all, the warmest and most affectionate welcome and esteem. Here he will gain new strength to struggle on and conquer to the end.

The portrait-room of the American section, by America's strongest portrait-artists, was art food for many days. The true portraitist is the fragmentary historian of his time, when he depicts persons, who are of interest to posterity, but only then is he capable of presenting them as personalities, figures for all time, in their power and their activity, regardless of the wishes of their friends and family, who always want to see the kindly, smiling expression. The portrait should be a monument, every line truth, individuality—something in which after generations may believe, something which shall carry them away. This is Whistler's style. This is why his painting in the main gallery attracted and held the attention of the public. Whistler painted a personality rather than a picture. The woman in the riding habit possesses a strong personality. The soft dull tones are in perfect harmony with the flesh tones—a sort of a jaundiced yellow—a healthy rosy flesh-tone would spoil the harmony. The Whistler is beautifully painted, and one was reminded of Whistler's instruction to a young student: "A painting is finished when you can't see how it was painted."

John W. Alexander is living in an age when the public try to discover a meaning in a new form of expression, and often arrive at an appreciation of an artist's intentions—an appreciation just or otherwise, but which to all events is the outcome of study, and Alexander never disappoints. He has certainly rendered a great service to art by breaking away from the conventional backgrounds, which, from a plush curtain to a Japanese screen, is always a question of arrangement. Alexander paints a woman standing against the wall, bending to pluck a flower, or walking through a room, just as his fancy takes him, without thinking of the effect, and ends by giving us a portrait with determination and individuality in each mark of the brush. His portrait of Rodin is a striking example of his strength in portraying the individuality of his subject. The subject's hands are thrust deep into his pockets and his head bowed in thoughtful study. The attitude tells the character of the man. In this Alexander has given us a personality as well as a picture. We can study the work of Alexander and the man Rodin at the same time. He shows marked skill in suggesting texture, and it is in daring schemes of color and in the treatment of surfaces that he calls forth special admiration. The feature of his work is marked in the portrait of his wife. Alexander has mapped out a course of his own, a course of independence, and he has arrived, by his courage and his energy, to be looked upon as one of the best portrait-painters of America.

Richard E. Miller, a St. Louis artist, who is now making name and fame for himself in Paris, has been pronounced by competent critics as one of the coming portrait-artists of the country. Mr. Miller is as yet young, but his genius has already claimed several gold medals in the French salons, notwithstanding that he comes from a country that is 'too new to boast of any artistic sentiment.' Mr. Miller is strong in freshness of color and the personality of his subject, his work possesses the warm flesh-tones of Zorn, but modeling is more finished. His portrait of Doctor Gregory was considered one of the best pictures in the whole collection. He possesses remarkably fine qualities of technique, and a sound, intelligent appreciation of nature.

There was also an interesting painting by De Forest Brush—"A Family Group"—a large circular composition, one of his most important canvases. Technically Brush's work does not attract, but intellectually it is full of beauty. He follows the experimental methods of the early Italian painters. In "The Family Group" the pose of the mother is a trifle stiff, yet the largest child, who sits at the mother's left, is the triumph of sympathetic rendering of

those qualities which belong to childhood alone, and there are passages of color, especially in the draperies, which have the intensity of the prismatic tints of the best Italian painters.

John S. Sargent, now of London, is one of America's strongest portrait-painters. He is great on technical truths. He jars on the nerves of those who are not in tune with him, and he is oftentimes



REVERIE

By Karl Albert Buehr

Shown at St. Louis World's Fair

accused of brutality. Some say he is wanting in the sense of beauty; that he exaggerates the characteristics of his subjects and over-accentuates personal peculiarities. That he is a clever man no one ever attempted to deny, but he has no sweetness of manner. His picture of the "Misses Hunter" is considered one of the best things from his brush. It has been greatly admired and deservedly so, yet, after a short study of its glaring technicality, one is glad to turn to the subdued tones of Whistler's "Rosa Corder."



THE SISTERS

By Frank W. Benson
Shown at St. Louis World's Fair

Robert Henri of New York had two very fine canvases. There is a similarity between Henri and Sargent as to the vitality of the flesh-tones, but Henri possesses more of a delicacy. There were a number of other canvases from well-known American portrait-painters worthy of careful and considerate study.

Where was the American girl in the United States section of the art galleries? You found some examples, catalogues in hand, studiously "doing the pictures." But among the 2,589

paintings and drawings which were upon the walls, you had to look long and patiently to find anything which was an adequate painting, expressive in character and type, of the young woman of the United States. Europeans come among us, and what do they note first? The individuality of the American girl. They return home to tell of her, and usually they find nothing but praise for her beauty, her independence, and her breezy graces. Yet our best painters give us English women, French women, German women, Dutch maidens, Spanish girls, and Oriental hours.

Alexander paints a type which must not be regarded as typical of the American woman. Sargent sends "The Three Misses Hunter," than whom none could have been better painted, but who are freezing English, from the tops of their orthodox coiffures down to the



THE SEA
By Childe Hassam
Shown at St. Louis World's Fair



severely stiff folds of their skirts. Even Chase has given to us no American girl. And one good man—his name is not mentioned out of compassion—goes so far as to perpetrate a French danseuse. If a dancer, why not an American dancer? They may not dance as well, but most of them are considerably prettier. The American in the American section perforce was disturbed by such a lack. Of course, you could not but be vastly interested in much which was to be seen there. Still, you could not help wishing for, yes, demanding, something American in American paintings; and, excepting portraits of business men and an occasional matron, very little which decidedly is of one's own country was met with. We would have been left entirely in the lurch in the American girl had it not been for the illustrators.

Notably, Irving R. Wiles saves the day. In the first place, he paints a charming and wholly American actress, Julia Marlowe; in the second place, he paints a simple, trim young figure clad in white and with hair of a glossy black, who is recognizable as American. It is called "The Yellow Rose." She stands at a mirror and is pinning the rose into her hair. As a picture, the canvas is attractive; but among so many foreign strangers, that clean-cut profile, that positive chin, those pursed lips, which tell of a will that is used, that indefinable something American, pleases beyond words.

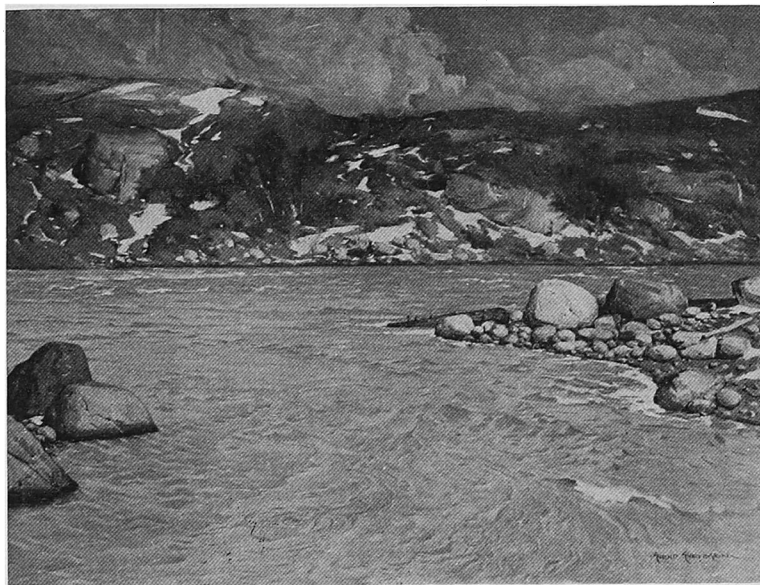
In the further search for the American girl, you strayed into the back rooms of the building. There was an oil-painting or two, but chiefly among the water-colors and pastels, or here and there in the black-and-white section, perseverance found its reward. One simple portrait by Elizabeth V. Taylor of Boston, "Portrait of Miss Christine Woollet," surely introduced that self-possessed person—personage, I should say—the American girl. Those who were responsible probably knew what they were about when they hung this study in its comparatively inconspicuous position. But as a painting it is sufficiently strong, and in the other sense it is wholly delightful. Carroll Beckwith and Carl Blenner are of the New York artists who also help fill this much-felt need. The former had a pastel, "The Girl of Manhattan," which is immensely interesting from such a viewpoint. Still, including the few point and wash sketches which handle so important a subject, when we have reached this point, we are at the very limit of attention which has been accorded to the young women of our very large country.

The reasons that paintings by American artists are seldom American, are so well known that they need no explanation. But that cannot satisfy the mere citizen of the republic who prefers to see something of his own country in its pictures. The sculpture is more appropriate in this particular. We find George Washington and McKinley at the first glance, and the statues in general seem to have natural significance and character.

S. L. PENFIELD.



DELAVAN, WISCONSIN
 By Jules R. Mersfelder
 Shown at St. Louis World's Fair



AFTER SPRING RAINS
 By Svend Svendsen
 Shown at St. Louis World's Fair



STUDY NO. 9



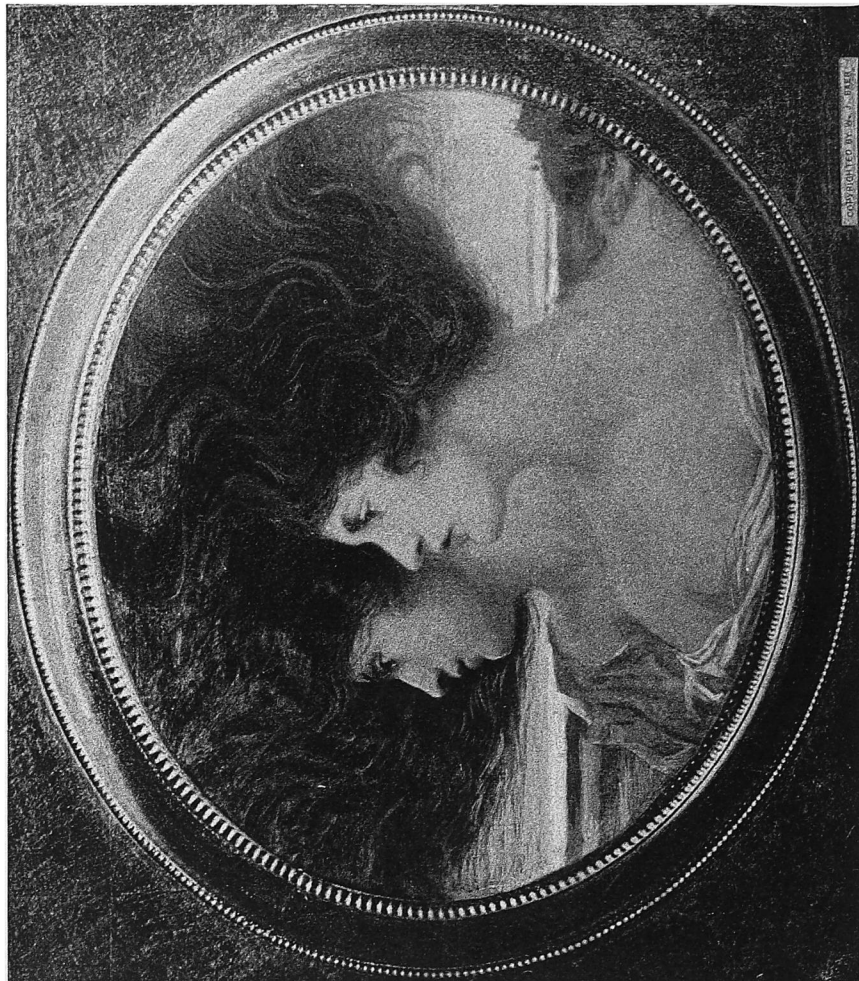
STUDIES OF FEMALE HEADS
By Antoine Watteau





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
By John J. Boyle
Shown at St. Louis World's Fair





THE GOLDEN HOUR

By W. J. Baer

Copyright by W. J. Baer

Shown at St. Louis World's Fair

